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WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Showers and colder.

THE METALS.

Silver, 64 1/2 per ounce.
Copper (casting), 18c per pound.
Lead, 55c per 100 pounds.

A CHANCE TO GET FACTS.

While the water committee of the city council is pursuing its investigation of the city's water rights in Big Cottonwood, it might call on the men who know most about the question and who are ready to give the facts which Brother Dinny eluded so successfully until Fernstrom brought them to him. For instance, Judge Dey, who was city attorney and Mr. Brame, his assistant, know all about the exchange contracts under which the Big Cottonwood water was secured. F. S. Richards, special counsel for the city, also has the situation in hand and can doubtless enlighten the befogged city attorney's office on the subject. Let the committee call on them for the real facts.

When the conduit matter was up, the council majority and the committee investigating were careful not to ask opinions from the engineers who let the conduit contract, but there is no reason for playing the same game in this later investigation because Moran has no money at stake as he had in the contract business. Doubtless Councilman Ferry was acting in good faith when he introduced Dinny's resolution asking an investigation of water arrangements; and doubtless, too, Mr. Ferry is anxious to get at the facts. If he will summon the men named and give them an opportunity to set forth the nature of the contracts with the farmers, Mr. Ferry will find that the city has quite as good a contract for Big Cottonwood as it has for Parley's canyon water, under which the city has secured a good portion of its supply for years.

Instead of belittling the city's water rights, casting a cloud on its contracts and inciting other owners of Big Cottonwood to sandbag the municipality, the council and its legal advisers ought to seek every opportunity to strengthen their hold on the big creek and extend their supply by exchange or any other method within their means. This play for political advantage may seem good politics to some of the kangaroo intellects in office, but the people are tired of it and would like to see a semblance of business methods introduced into city business management.

INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS.

Judge Diehl of the criminal division of the city court commented sharply and properly on the action of the police in arresting for drunkenness a man who had been knocked down by a West Side Rapid Transit street car. Although suffering from numerous wounds and contusions of sufficient severity to render him unconscious, the man was thrust into a cell in the city jail and permitted to lie there all night without attention of any sort. The man's sole offense, according to the facts brought out in his trial, was that he used the street railway tracks as a path on which to proceed toward his home because the street and sidewalks were very muddy. He failed to hear the car when it came up behind him.

Judge Diehl at once ordered the defendant discharged from custody and at the same time, as stated, uttered some caustic comments on the stupidity of the police department for permitting such an occurrence. It is undoubtedly true that constant association with criminal classes, with vice and shame and sin in every form, has a tendency to brutalize policemen, to make them callous to the suffering of others. There are circumstances, though, in which policemen should be considerate.

The man arrested Thursday night, at the instance of the motorman whose car ran into him, must have been obviously suffering. The most cursory examination would have shown wounds about his head and bruises on his body. It is true that policemen are not surgeons, nor are they expected to be, but any school-boy should have known that this man was suffering, and most schoolboys would have had humanity enough to see that his wounds were looked after before locking him into a cell.

The city health department might spend a little time profitably instructing the police in first aid to the injured methods and in distinguishing between a man who is drunk and one

who is unconscious because of an injury.

A PRETTY GOOD OLD WORLD.

Have you caught a breath of the Spring softness in the air? Have you noted the tinge of green on the hills below the snowline and in the valley? Have you felt a touch of the old fever that used to come to you about the time the first warm rains reminded you that fishing days were near at hand? Have you heard the robins singing and seen them building their nests? Have you caught the meadow-lark's note in the field, or heard the little brown brothers twittering in the hedges?

Or are you still grumbling because the rains have lasted too long and the dull depression of a tiresome winter has worn on your nerves until you are a pessimist beyond redemption?

Anyway, cheerful or gloomy, forget the cares of the world this morning and look upward at the hills with their brows in the winter and their feet in the greening of spring. Whether it rains or shines, smile a little at the remembrance of the boyhood Springs when all the world seemed good with its promise of long summer days, and vacation time and a ripening harvest. Call back some of the finer moments when the romance of youth had promise in all the future for you.

Even the careworn can afford to cheer up a little these days and forget the fogs and snows and rains and all the other discomforts of life. It's a pretty good old world we live in, and it was never better than it is today in spite of what some unhappy folks would have you believe.

THE THREAD OF LIFE.

By what a slender thread do some people hold their grasp on life, by what a cable others. Men have been known to fall out of bed and break their necks; others have gone through desperate battles and come out so desperately wounded that it seemed hardly worth while to take them to a hospital. Yet within a few weeks they have been discharged, sound and well. Think of the experience of the French miners who were entombed for nearly three weeks.

All hope of rescuing them had long been abandoned. It was even doubted if their bodies would ever be recovered. The other day a salvage party was finishing its night's work when a group of miners appeared, haggard and exhausted. For twenty days they had been living in vitiated air, eating hay and decaying horseflesh. But life was still in their bodies, they were still able to walk and to tell something of their terrible experience. It is doubtful if a more remarkable rescue has ever been described.

What was it that saved these men when so many hundreds of their comrades perished? Was it their good luck? Luck may have played some part in it, but their own cool courage was the most effective factor. They never gave up the fight for a moment. In the darkness of the mine they stumbled around until they found a remote niche in which the air was fairly good. For eight days they lived on earth and the bark that they scraped off the mine timbers. Then they found a horse and on its flesh they subsisted until the salvage party reached them.

Men of that sort of nerve deserve to live. For many weeks they will suffer from the effects of their experience, but in the end it is thought that all will recover. And as long as they live they will never forget their twenty days of imprisonment in the mine, the privations they endured, the torment that was their portion. And others will not soon forget the bravery of these men. They are all entitled to substantial rewards.

That weather man of ours played an April Fool joke in advance yesterday. He started the day off clear and bright, gave us a cold shower before 9 o'clock and then turned on the sunshine again before the day was over. He probably wanted to show us what he could do when he really tried.

"How gracious the dews of solace that over your senses fall, at the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall," wrote Eugene Field. Or perhaps it is only a touch of spring fever that makes you feel that way this morning.

Two Georgia men became involved in a quarrel over a mule the other day and killed each other. Inasmuch as they were not trying to force the animal on each other it is hardly necessary to say her name was not Maud.

Premier Witte is about to step out of his thankless position. There is hardly a man in Russia who could have held it as long. Most of the men you can think of would have been assassinated long before now.

The editorial utterances of some of our contemporaries on the water question are interesting chiefly because they have so little relation to the facts in the case.

The public buildings pork barrel is as juicy as ever this year. By means of it a good many congressmen ought to be able to tighten up their fences very nicely.

Mr. Leonard up to date has been unable to pry Mr. Wilkins loose. This ought to make Councilman Martin very, very happy—not.

Justice Harlan denies the report that he is about to resign. Nobody believed it, anyway. Isn't Justice Harlan a Republican?

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Though we often dispraise others to exalt ourselves, we quite as often attribute all sorts of qualities to our companions so that we may show in what society we move and with whom we are equals.

Some women's brilliancy in society consists entirely of their diamonds. It is the only kind of brilliancy apparently that society appreciates.

When he felt tender toward his wife he treated her to a ballful of moonlight. He never allowed his sentiment to corrupt his economy. But she was not altogether satisfied with this, and used openly to suspect his motives and the depth of his affection, but after marriage it was an evasion—a procrastination of love. What is moonlight to a married woman, compared with the glitter of feminine baubles and finery?

One of the bad influences of women in literature is that it has made the majority of our men write like nambypamby schoolgirls.

To understand women it is necessary to despise them; and to do this one must have loved them, which is the thorny part of the subject. The cynic about women knows them as women know each other.

She—a wise woman who wishes to marry is never wise with "en. Men loathe wise women, before marriage. I caught you with being foolish through design, malice pretense.

He—And now we are married, you keep me your slave by being wise. She—Ah! That is where the disillusionment comes in. A woman has so many risks after marriage! If she remains foolish she is in danger of ridicule. If she becomes wise she is in peril of boring a fool—a too possible fool.

A woman with a past! A woman has not got "a past" until she begins to repent.

—Walter Blackburn Hart.

("I realize that it is exceedingly late to be writing about Mrs. Wharton's 'House of Mirth.'—Correspondence of New York Times.)
"Henry Esmond," "Ivanhoe," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Egotist," "Pere Goriot," "Of Pride and Prejudice," and other tales of equal worth."
But it's rather late to write of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth."

We still may talk of "Middlemarch," "Salem," "On the Heights," "Jane Eyre," "Tristram Shandy," "One of Cleopatra's Nights," "The Dumas," "Vicomte de Bragelonne" or Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." But it's rather late to talk about "The House of Mirth." Why, bless my soul! "The House of Mirth" was published months ago. Already we remember it with last year's leaves and snow.
"Best Sellers" come like water and like wind they disappear:
There is naught so soon forgotten as the books of yesterday.

Latest Popular Science.

(From Applejack & Co.'s General Catalogue, 1906.)

"Folk Lore of Birds." Popular sagas of our forefathers handed down from one generation to the next. Tre top edition. \$1.50.
"Roquefort Cheeses, and How They Rear Their Young," with 25 full-page plates representing famous cheeses. \$2.50.

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"The Care and Feeding of Funn, With Suggestions for Kindergarten Instruction." 2 vols. \$5.00.
"Love Sonnets of a He Clam." New edition, with introduction by Myrtle Reed. Half Morocco, in box, \$4.99.

"How to Tell Caviar From Birdshot, and Five Hundred Other Popular Confusions." Int. Science Series. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Evaporated Fiction.

"The Jungle"—By Upton Sinclair.
CHAPTER I.
Reducc worked in the Chicago stockyards.

Reader, unless you have investigated the stockyards for an exposure magazine you cannot comprehend the horror of waking there. Reducc felt it in a dumb way, but his eyes were not yet open. It is with a deadly, dazed, the famous stockyard smell, the smallest sniff of which drives men to socialism. Reducc was not yet a socialist, but he was the next best thing—a vegetarian. The reason why he was a vegetarian will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

No man can work eight hours a day slaughtering sick and loathsome cattle and retain a liking for canned roast beef or tongue. No man can plunge a knife into a steer afflicted with German measles and ever afterward attempt a steak. No man could look upon the sights described in the next few chapters and think of eating meat without a shudder.

CHAPTERS III—XXI.

(Omitted by request.)

CHAPTER XXII.

Thus Reducc was a vegetarian, like Bernard Shaw, but not yet, like Shaw, a socialist. Potentially he was a socialist, like all men who are downtrodden or whose lungs have inhaled the stockyard smell. He believed in government ownership of breweries, mission furniture works, and other things. He believed that all the money in the world should be divided equally. But he lacked expression. He felt, but could not speak, and if you have no terminology, no jargon, you are no kind of a socialist. A dumb socialist is a contradiction in terms.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Came one day the awakening. A fellow workman lent Reducc Jack London's "War of the Classes." He read and his brain took fire. They gave him a complete works of Upton Sinclair and English Walling's "Musings of a Revolutionist." He subscribed for a socialist weekly, and one eventful night he attended a monster mass meeting of socialists at the Coliseum.
It was a mobilization of the Army of the Revolution. The great hall was red and riotous with the glorious banners of our faith. Reducc was drunk with excitement. They pointed out to him the leaders sitting on the stage—Jack London, General Upton Sinclair, General Phelps Stokes, General Robert Hunter, and forty other generals.
But hush! hark! General Sinclair speaks!

CHAPTER LAST.

"And now," cried General Sinclair, "now begins the rush that will never be checked, the tide that will never turn till it has reached its flood—the rallying of the outraged workingmen

of Chicago to our standard! We shall organize them! We shall drill them! We shall march them for the victory! We shall hear down the opposition, we shall sweep it before us! Chicago will be ours! Chicago will be OURS!"
A wild roar arose as the army took up the slogan. Screaming it, Reducc rushed out into Wabash avenue and hurled himself, with a flank movement, upon a policeman.

When he recovered consciousness he was on a narrow cot in Harrison street police station. The city was quiet. The tide of the Revolution had retired to their respective homes. The wind was southwest, and a familiar odor floated on the night air—the smell of the stockyard!

Reducc turned his face to the wall and wept.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

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CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—Northeast corner of Brigham and C streets, Rev. W. M. Paden, D. D., pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock, subject, "On Getting Into the New Church." Evening services at 7:30, topic, "Value of Decision of Character." Endeavor service at 6:30 p. m. communion and reception of new members on Sunday, April 8; preparatory services, Wednesday and Friday evenings preceding; teachers' meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30. All seats free. Strangers cordially invited to these services.

Unitarian.

First Unitarian Church.—Pastor, Rev. Frank Pay Eddy. Services held in Unity hall, 138 South Second East street. Morning service at 11 o'clock, sermon by the pastor on "At the Forks of the Road in Religion," music by Unity quartette; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. On Monday evening the Shakespearean society at 6:30 p. m. communion and reception of new members on Sunday, April 8; preparatory services, Wednesday and Friday evenings preceding; teachers' meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30. All seats free. Strangers cordially invited to these services.

Methodist Episcopal.

First Methodist Church.—Corner of Second and Second East streets, Benjamin Young, pastor. All services in the Sunday school room of the new edifice. Entrance on Second East street. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. and 12:15 p. m. On Monday evening the Shakespearean society at 6:30 p. m. communion and reception of new members on Sunday, April 8; preparatory services, Wednesday and Friday evenings preceding; teachers' meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30. All seats free. Strangers cordially invited to these services.

Liberty Park Methodist Episcopal Church.—Corner of Eighth East and Ninth South streets, J. J. Danks, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. and 12:15 p. m. On Monday evening the Shakespearean society at 6:30 p. m. communion and reception of new members on Sunday, April 8; preparatory services, Wednesday and Friday evenings preceding; teachers' meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30. All seats free. Strangers cordially invited to these services.

Second Methodist Episcopal Church, Waterloo.—Sunday school at 10 a. m. and 12:15 p. m. On Monday evening the Shakespearean society at 6:30 p. m. communion and reception of new members on Sunday, April 8; preparatory services, Wednesday and Friday evenings preceding; teachers' meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30. All seats free. Strangers cordially invited to these services.

Heath Methodist Episcopal Church.—Eighteenth West and Third South streets, school at 10 o'clock, preaching by the pastor at 11 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 338 East Third South street.—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; church service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. subject, "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" Strangers are especially welcome. Each Wednesday evening a testimonial of the healing of both sin and sickness. All are welcome to the testimonial. Free reading room open daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist—1. O. F. hall, corner of Eleventh East and Eleventh South streets. "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8 o'clock. All are welcome.

Episcopal.

St. Mark's Cathedral, East First South street.—Fifth Sunday in Lent, 7:30 a. m. holy communion; 9:45 a. m. Sunday school; 11 a. m. litany, holy communion; 7:30, evening prayer and address; Wednesday, 4 p. m. confirmation class; Friday, 4 p. m. children's service and story; 7:30 p. m. litany and address; Saturday, 4 p. m. evening prayer and address. All services in the church.

St. Peter's Mission, Fifth North and First West streets.—Sunday school, 2 p. m.; service, 4 p. m. B. W. E. Jennings, reader.

St. Paul's church, Main and Fourth South streets, Rev. Charles E. Perkins, rector.—Services: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; church service and sermon, 11 o'clock; evening prayer and sermon, 7:30 o'clock. Lenten services: Monday and Tuesday, 4 p. m.; Thursday, 10 a. m.; Friday, 7:30 p. m. Visitors always welcome. All seats free.

St. John's chapel, Richmond avenue, near Ninth East street.—Sunday school, 2:45 p. m.; evening prayer and sermon, 4 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Congregational.

Phillips Congregational church, Fifth South and Seventh East streets, Rev. P. A. Simpkins, pastor.—Services this day at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. The sermons will be preached by Robert McIlveen of Denver. There will also be special gospel meetings on each evening of the next two weeks at 7:45 o'clock, with Mr. McIlveen as preacher. The Sunday school will be held at 12:15, and Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.

Lutheran.

First German Evangelical Lutheran St. John's church, Seventh South near State streets, William J. Lankow, pastor.—Service, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 9 a. m.

English Lutheran church, 338 South Fourth East street.—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; young people's meeting, 8:45 p. m. The Ladies Aid society will meet Thursday, 2 p. m. with Mrs. Ed. Knutsen, Floral avenue.

Our Savior's Evangelical Lutheran church, Fourth East, between Fourth and Fifth South streets.—Lenten services, 10:30 a. m. in the English language. You are cordially invited to attend.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, Second South and Second West streets, Rev. D. A. Brown, pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Communion and reception of members at morning service. Sunday school at 12:30 p. m. F. L. Evans, superintendent. B. N. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. A welcome to all.

Rio Grande mission chapel, Second South between Ninth and Tenth West—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. George Paul, superintendent.

Burlington mission chapel, Indiana avenue and Navajo street.—Sunday school at 9:30 p. m. Henry Jacobs, superintendent.

bers at morning service. Sunday school at 12:30 p. m. F. L. Evans, superintendent. B. N. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. A welcome to all.

Rio Grande mission chapel, Second South between Ninth and Tenth West—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. George Paul, superintendent.

THE VOICE OF PRUDENCE.

(Youth's Companion.)
Robert—old and black, and of no superfluous courage—had allowed his master's fiery thoroughbred to get away from him at the stable door and go careering off across country.

"What was the trouble, Robert?" asked his master. "Were you afraid of Dixey?" Robert shuffled his feet mutinously, and muttered something under his breath.
"Fraid? Ole Robert 'fraid? No, sub. I ain't 'fraid er any hoss eber foaled." He replied, with great dignity. "But w'en 'oss 'gin ter ramp round en pull at de rope, sump'n hit keeps a-wispertin'. Tu'n 'im loose. Tu'n 'im loose, twel 'im 'im go."

WISE.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
"I got even with Smith for calling me a liar the other day. I told him this morning just what I thought of him."
"Great, Scott, man! And he didn't use violence toward you?"
"No, I told him over the telephone."

A MAIN ESSENTIAL.

(San Francisco Call.)
"Will young Blunkins make a success of life?"
"Of course, I can't say, but he has one of the main essentials of success."
"What is that?"
"Plain, unadorned nerve."

IN AND OUT.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
"Twas a jack pot. I was in it. I have not the slightest doubt I was in it—for a minute—Then was fifteen dollars out."

IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.

(Philadelphia Press.)
English—The echo "ere in these mountains is very fine, sir.
Tourist (after shouting "Hello.")—Well, there is an echo, but it isn't intelligible.
English guide—You don't understand the language, sir. These are Welsh mountains, y'know.

PUTTING HIM WISE.

(Cornell Widow.)
Senior (to photographer)—Which way shall I turn my eyes?
Photographer—Toward that sign, please. (Sign reads: "Terms cash.")

INFREQUENT.

(Cleveland Leader.)
Kind lady—I have nothing but some lobster salad and mince pie. You surely don't want that for your breakfast, do you?
Weary Walker—Oh, dis is me dinner, mum. I had me breakfast day before yesterday.

JOINING THE HUNT.

(Woman's Home Companion.)
Mrs. Impecunious—Here's a man suing for divorce because his wife goes through his pockets. What would you do, John, dear, if you woke up tonight and found me at your pockets?
Mr. Impecunious—Get up and help you look.

DUPLICATING SALESMEN.

Will you see or write to me first? While in Montana last month three of the very heaviest buyers there returned to us for their duplicating supplies.

Poor perforations, poor carbon copies, cheap imitation leather covers lost out.

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